

No Workman At The Glenwood Foundry

can afford to make an imperfect casting. It counts against him



Each piece of a Glenwood Range, Parlor Stove or Heater bears the number of the workman who made it. If anything is wrong it is easy to place the blame. Very jealous of their reputation are the makers of the famous

Glenwood

REYNOLDS & SON, BARRE, VERMONT

"Makes Cooking Easy."

The Times' Daily Short Story.

A WILL TEST

(Original.)

"I believe," said young Edmond Thane, "that the man should rule the woman. Before marrying I propose to pick a quarrel with my fiancée on purpose to test the question which has the stronger will, she or I. For the stronger will is bound to be boss."

"Don't take the trouble to pick a quarrel," replied the married friend to whom he was speaking. "Misunderstandings will come without inventing them."

Thane became engaged to Stella Albro and in due time an opportunity occurred for him to make his test. They were boating together, Edmond at the oars, Stella at the tiller. Their course was downstream. Edmond calculated that for every hour they spent moving with the current they would need to spend two hours in pulling against it. He was a methodical fellow and calculated on spending thirty minutes going downstream and an hour to an hour and a half on the return. He kept both hands on the oars and at the end of half an hour told Stella to put the boat around and head upstream.

"Why, we've scarcely been out at all," she said. "You don't mean to turn around so soon, do you?"

"I'm sorry you find being alone with me so wearisome."

"It doesn't follow that because I don't want to pull a boat more than two hours on a stretch I find your company wearisome."

"But I don't want to go back. I want to go down to the head."

"That's six miles."

"How far have we gone?"

"Two or three. To go there and back would be a pull of six miles with the current, which is four miles an hour. When we return I shall not only miss the help of the current, but must overcome four miles an hour pressure."

"Is that a terrible thing to do to give me pleasure?"

"Does this me out give you pleasure?"

"It gives me pleasure to see a disposition in you to sacrifice for me."

"There are necessary sacrifices enough in life without making unnecessary ones."

The girl made no reply to this, but she made no move to turn the boat.

"Come," said Edmond, "give a pull on that port tiller rope."

Miss Albro paid no attention to the order. Edmond began to hold water with the port and give way with the starboard oar. Stella turned the rudder dead starboard.

Thane stopped rowing. He could not have found a better opportunity to make his test. This was satisfactory. But he saw at once that his fiancée had a will requiring great pains to overcome. This was not so satisfac-

tory. He set his jaws firmly.

"I have no disposition to force you to do anything contrary to your inclination," he said. "If you wish to continue going downstream, I'll get ashore and let you proceed."

"The proposition was neither declined nor accepted."

"Since you make no reply to a reasonable proposition," he went on, "I'll proceed with it as the only alternative."

He tried to pull the boat to the shore. Stella held the bow pointing at an acute angle with the current, promising to land them several miles lower down. Again Thane stopped rowing. The situation was perplexing. Whether the girl had the stronger or the weaker will, she certainly had the helm.

He considered what to do next, but there was nothing to do except either to drift down or row down as far as she liked. He changed his tactics.

"You have the choice," he said, "either to turn the boat's head up or ashore or—you know the other."

"I'm going down to the bend," she replied complacently.

Thane slipped his oars, placed himself on the bottom of the boat in the bow, took out his pipe and tobacco pouch and began to smoke. They drifted awhile, then he got up, took the oars and, beginning to pull downstream, said:

"Since you have virtually chosen the third of my propositions—that is, you are to have your own way for life so far as I am concerned—I may as well give it to you in this instance and get an unpleasant matter the sooner ended."

Miss Albro did not make any reply. She was not apparently excited. She sat idly holding the ropes and occasionally trailing a hand in the water.

As soon as they reached the bend she turned the boat upstream, and Thane had a long pull to the landing. He accompanied her home without speaking a word to her and left her at her door with a polite bow, which she did not take pains to acknowledge.

Edmond Thane was not quite sure whether he had done a wise or a foolish thing. He went to his married friend and told him the story.

"Ned," said the friend, "you're idiotic. Every thing you've done is wrong. In the first place, the girl would have been right in expecting you, as a young lover, to pull a hundred miles instead of a dozen for her sake. Second, you were rude to attempt to force her to go your way. Third, it's a lady's privilege to break an engagement. Fourth, there is no whim or even injury a man must not bear from a woman."

"But if I take a back track," said Thane ruefully, "I'll be a slave for life."

"Well, suppose you are. You'll get a lot of comfort out of your slavery and have all mankind for your fellow slaves."

Thane made an abject apology, was forgiven, and his wife is good enough to give him his own way at least once a year.

F. A. MITCHELL.

THE ROYAL BOX.

The Austrian emperor recently shot his two-thousandth chamois. It has been stuffed and set up in the Hofburg.

The Princess of Wales is said to be an expert typewriter and to be able to take at dictation 100 words a minute.

King Edward is now entitled to wear five hoods of almost all the hues of the rainbow, as L. D. of Cambridge, Glasgow, Dublin, Wales and Calcutta.

The Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia is the fifth husband of his wife, Taitu, who was once a great beauty. Her first husband was one of King Theodore's generals, her second she divorced, her third was killed by King John, her fourth was "removed," and in 1883 she married Menelik.

A Living Diary.

The members of an African tribe keep their individual records of acts of prowess in war and other matters of personal interest by means of tattoo marks. Preferably the diary is kept on the body of a wife.

"The Brain of the Japanese Army." The controlling power of the mikado's forces, "the brain of the Japanese army," as a writer in Harper's Weekly calls it, is the general staff at Tokyo, made up of men who have given years to the study of German military science in the school of Von Moltke and who have the old feudal gift of commanding men in large masses. There is a staff college, where the brightest officers study the advanced branches of strategy and tactics. There are also a military academy, a cadet school and schools of artillery and engineering. No element is spared which makes for success.

Chaffing Dish Sardines.

Sardines in a chaffing dish are easy to cook and very good. Pour hot water quickly over the sardines to rid them of oil and to loosen the skin. Remove skin, head and tail. Place the sardines on sippets of buttered toast, season rather highly and heat in the chaffing dish. Just before serving squeeze lemon juice over the fish.

CHARITIES IN JAPAN.

Efficient Care Taken of Adults and Small Children.

The greatest development of Japan in charity has been in the institutional care of able bodied adults and of dependent children, says Charities. Progress in the care of the former dates back to 1808, when a commission was appointed to consider the problem in all its bearings. This commission recommended, first, the erection, through funds furnished by the state, of workshops in which the indigent poor of Tokyo could be put to work and their earnings applied to their support; second, to supplement these workshops, or until they could be erected, by the establishment of agencies for furnishing drivers of vehicles, mowers of lawns, etc., men with simple occupations, the employee to remain under control of the agencies and his earnings to be applied to his support, and, third, the support under sanitary conditions of the aged, the cripples and those incapable of any form of labor, and the rearing of their children at public expense and under public oversight. As a result of this plan it is not unusual to find that workshop inmates such as the blind, the paralytic, the idiot, the high or middle grade idiots and persons who have lost one or more limbs become well trained in some particular task and acquire a degree of skill that enables them to earn more than is necessary for their support.

In the children's institutions boys over seven are placed largely in the hands of older boys, more experienced and more serious companions. Young girls go to school carrying upon their backs infants that have been entrusted to them so as to lighten the tasks of the regular attendants. The attendants are fourfold, those watching over the child's clothing, the food, the cleanliness of person and the physical training. In the training of institutional children a kindly demeanor is required on the part of the attendants, and in every way there is encouragement of the effort to provide a mother's tenderness and sympathy. Foundlings are boarded out for three years with nurses who are paid \$2 or \$3 a month.

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Hetty Green is probably the wealthiest woman in the United States. Her wealth is estimated at about \$30,000,000.

The Rev. Dr. Gertrude von Patzold, who has been elected to the post of Unitarian minister in Leicester, England, is the daughter of a Prussian colonel.

The life of Miss Jenner, who died in Wales recently, affords a curious parallel to that of Miss Flite in "Bleak House." She had a suit in court for forty years.

Mrs. Mary E. Miller of Lafayette, Colo., is the president of a bank. She also has large coal and real estate interests. The town, of which she is the founder, carries in every deed a clause forbidding the sale of liquor.

Among the other memories of her youth Lady Burdett-Coutts recalls having seen in Bath in the days of her childhood no less historic a person than Dr. Johnson's Mrs. Thrale, at that time Mrs. Pizolli and an octogenarian.

Miss Marie von Unschuld, formerly court pianist to Carmen Sylva, the queen of Roumania, will open a national conservatory of music in Washington next winter. She will ask for government aid when the university is in thorough working order.

Denzel Ruth Newberry, a four-year-old girl of Sterling, Ill., is able to repeat forty-eight recitations and songs, among the number being "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight" and "Hail, Columbia!" The total number of words in the forty-eight pieces being 3,450.

Mrs. Alton B. Parker, wife of the chief justice, is a direct descendant of one of the early Dutch settlers of New York state. Her maiden name was Schoonmaker, a name famous in the history of Ulster county, and an ancestor of that name was the head of the Holland Dutch settlers of Kingston.

Difference in Mothers.

The German mother says that should she by accident lose the heel of her shoe one of her children will die before the year is out, while should a French lady meet with such an accident to her high heeled slippers disappointment in love is sure to follow.

London Shops.

It is said that there are between 24,000 and 25,000 shops open on Sunday in London.

ANECDOTES ABOUT QUAY

Senator's Fishing Experience With Indian Guide.

KNIFE TRADE BY THE STATESMAN

Deal Engineered by Quay When a Boy With a Future Pennsylvania Judge—An Incident of an Early Fistic Encounter—A Test of the Bent of the Senator's Mind.

When Senator Matthew S. Quay of Pennsylvania was one June day on a fishing expedition he had Charles Anance, a half breed Indian, for a guide, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger. During his stay a politician from Boston caught a togue, or "laker" trout from Moosehead lake which weighed thirty-two pounds, thus breaking all previous records. As soon as the senator heard of the big fish he offered his guide a large sum of money if he could find a togue that would equal or excel that taken by the Massachusetts man.

"Pennsylvania is a bigger state than Massachusetts," said the senator, "and if a Boston ward politician can take a 'laker' weighing thirty-two pounds a Pennsylvania senator ought to be able to pull in a fifty pounder at least."

Anance replied with his inimitable "Oul, monseieur" and applied himself to the task with diligence. Both men went out early and angled late for three days without securing a fish above ten pounds. After this they took two canoes, the senator occupying one and the guide the other. When they met at sundown to paddle back to the hotel the senator was disgusted with his luck and asked the guide how he had fared.

"Ver' good," replied Anance. "Ah'm bin geet ze togue so mooch beeg," stretching his hands apart to measure the distance between head and tail. "Heem bin weigh so mooch ez ze feerty pound. Ah'm bin know, but heem bin geet erway ze tam. Ah'm bin bla goin' pull heem in." "How do you know, you rascal, how much he weighed if he got away before you landed him?"

"Ah'm bin see heem weight by ze scales w'at bin on heem tail," replied the half breed, and held out his hand for the reward.

It is related that, when he was a schoolboy in Indiana county, Pa., Quay had a knife which Harry White, afterward judge of Indiana county, greatly coveted, says the Chicago Tribune. Quay refused to listen to offers for a trade. One day, much to White's surprise, young Matt himself proposed a swap.

"I haven't my knife with me," he said. "If we trade you'll have to agree to go and get it."

White was glad of the chance. He turned over his own knife, a dozen nails, a tin squirt gun and a horse hair fish line in payment, and then asked where the knife was.

"Up at the tannery," was the answer. "I dropped my knife in the vat this morning and fished two hours for it, but didn't find it. But it is in that vat. Go up and find it."

Harry kicked like a steer, but there wasn't any use. He never found Matt Quay's knife, and it's in that vat yet for all anybody knows.

Friends of Quay relate this incident of his youngster days:

While attending school in Beaver county a friendship with a larger boy, his seat mate, was suddenly turned to rivalry by the appearance of a most captivating little newcomer on the girls' side of the room. At recess diplomatic affairs reached a crisis, speedily developing into an encounter as short as it was violent, and when the smoke of battle cleared the larger boy stalked away, leaving Mr. Quay very much mused up and minus a front tooth.

A group of children gathered to commiserate upon the loss of the tooth and to speculate upon its probable effect on his masticating powers, but Quay scorned all attempts at sympathy and, looking straight at the small cause of the battle, said: "Shucks! What if I can't chew no more in front. It'll be bully for whistlin'!"

Among those who have enjoyed Quay's frequent change of habitat is a little granddaughter.

In the midst of an unusually quiet evening in his library at a cottage in Atlantic City she sighed audibly.

"Oh, daddy, I wish we were rich," she said as the senator looked up questioningly from the letter he was writing.

"Why?" asked her grandfather, speculating as to what heights in toyland she had raised her infant aspirations.

"So you wouldn't have to go to the senate every day and write letters every night when I want to talk to you," she said earnestly. That particular letter went over till next evening.

When he was six years old, as the senator has told the story, his father one day brought home to Dillsburg, Pa., a little pocket Bible and a tin sword with a brilliant red hilt. In order to test the bent of the child's mind he gave him his choice. He wanted the sword, and he wanted the book. He had a little sister who would probably get the Bible if he chose the sword; but, as he figured out the situation, a girl could have no use for a martial weapon, and if he chose the Bible there was more than a fighting chance that his father, well pleased, would throw in the sword. So the young politician reached out his hand plausibly for the book, while his heart went out toward the sword. He got both, just as he had foreseen.

Whiskey and Beer Habit

PERMANENTLY CURED BY

"ORRINE,"

A SAFE, SURE AND HARMLESS SPECIFIC

Physicians pronounce drunkenness a disease of the nervous system, creating a morbid craving for a stimulant. Continued indulgence in whiskey, beer or wine eats away the stomach lining and stupifies the digestive organs, thus destroying the digestion and raising the health. No "will power" can heal the inflamed stomach membranes.

"ORRINE" permanently removes the craving for liquor by acting directly on the affected nerves, restoring the stomach and digestive organs to normal conditions, improving the appetite and restoring the health. No sanitarium treatment necessary; "ORRINE" can be taken at your own home without publicity. Can be given secretly if desired.

CURE GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED.

Mrs. E. Wycliff, New York City, writes: "ORRINE" cured my husband, who was a steady drunkard for many years. He now has no desire for stimulants, his health is good and he is fully restored to normal. He used only five boxes of "ORRINE."

Mrs. W. L. D. Helena, Mont., writes: "I have waited one year before writing you of the permanent cure of my son. He took sanitarium treatment, as well as other advertised cures, but they all failed until we gave him 'ORRINE.' He is now fully restored to health and has no desire for drink."

Mrs. A. E. L. Atlanta, Ga., writes: "I was born with a love of whiskey and drank it

for thirty-two years. It finally brought me to the gutter, homeless and friendless. I was powerless to resist the craving and would steal and lie to get whiskey. Four boxes of 'ORRINE' cured me of all desire and I now have the sweetest of liquors."

Price \$1 per box. Mailed in plain, scale wrapper by Orrine Company, 817 14th St., Washington, D. C. Interesting book—Treatise on Drunkenness, mailed free on request. Sold and recommended by

Red Cross Pharmacy, Barre, Vt. RICKERT & WELLS, Props.

JAPAN'S NAVAL HERO.

Whole Land Rings With Praise of Captain Hirose.

HIS POEMS RECITED EVERYWHERE

Details of the Life of the Gallant Commander Who Was Killed in the Second Attempt to Block Up Port Arthur—Loved a Russian Girl, but Would Not Wed—Defeated Three Russian Giants at Wrestling.

Edwin Emerson, Jr., a staff correspondent of the New York World at Tokyo, Japan, sends to his paper the following sketch of Japan's naval hero of the present war:

All Japan rings today with the fame of Takeo Hirose, the first great naval hero of Japanese-Russian war. The mikado has conferred posthumous honors on him and his name; a life pension has been granted to his family. The poets of Japan are singing his praises in stirring ballads. His own poems, breathing purest patriotism, are being recited everywhere.

Pictures of Hirose adorn all the book stalls; highly colored prints immortalizing his exploits are hawked about by gaudy men and vendors on the streets. The Navy Club of Japan started a movement to erect a bronze statue to Hirose in Hebiya park at Tokyo, and within a week after the hero's death enough money was subscribed to insure the erection of the statue. Mukai Katsuyagi, the great sculptor of the Japanese nation, has promised to complete the statue within two months, and has refused to accept money for his labor of love.

For it was Takeo Hirose who was killed in Admiral Togo's second attempt to block up Port Arthur on March 27; who was leader of the forlorn hope, who set out to sink themselves and their ships in the harbor's mouth; who was literally blown to pieces by a projectile from a Russian quick firing gun while seeking to save the life of his friend and companion and subordinate, Petty Officer Sugino.

It was Hirose who led the first attack at Port Arthur on the night of March 23, and for his remarkable gallantry then the mikado promoted and doubly decorated him, honors which reached him only a day before his lamented death.

Hirose, in his poetic temperament as well as in his dauntless spirit, truly represented the old warrior class of Japan, the samurai. He was a scion of the family of Kiku Chi, one of the ancient fighting clan of Japan. Born at Otakura, near Takeda, in the first year of the Meiji era (1868), he grew up in the country and received his early training in a country school.

Entering the naval academy at the age of nineteen, he distinguished himself in no wise except by his passionate fondness for swordsmanship, as taught with the enthusiasm by an English fencing master, and by his prowess as a wrestler.

Hirose first proved his bravery in the war with China. Then he first met Shigino, a common sailor, who dived overboard after a live torpedo, which had been thrown into the water, that he might disconnect the fuse and so render it harmless to the other Japanese torpedo boats. After the war with China Lieutenant Hirose, who spoke Russian and French well, was sent as naval attaché to the Japanese legation at St. Petersburg. He came into prominence there through a wager.

At a banquet a Russian officer declared that Japanese, so small of stature, could not, as individuals, hold their own in any war. Hirose smilingly defied him. Three Russians to overcome him at wrestling. Roars of laughter greeted the challenge, for Hirose's prowess was little suspected in the Japanese art of self defense, Jiu Jitsu. At last, for the fun of it, the Russian officer sent for three large and sturdy soldiers. One after another the little Japanese threw the giants.

The story spread quickly through the military and naval clubs. It reached the czar's ears. When Hirose next attended a court function the czar asked him to give a private exhibition of Jiu Jitsu by wrestling with a man famous for his skill and strength. Again the small Japanese proved himself the better man.

Hirose remained in St. Petersburg three years. The daughter of a Russian naval officer who is now a rear admiral fell in love with the gallant young Japanese. Her father, who greatly admired Hirose, let it be conveyed to him that he would not be un-

welcome as the young girl's suitor. Hirose struggled with his affection for three days. Then he wrote to his sweetheart's father, pointed to the inevitable war between Russia and Japan, and said:

"When my country calls me to duty I shall have to turn to account all the valuable professional hints received from your kind lips and so help to do mortal hurt to your country's ships. Thus ill must patriotic duty make me repay all your kindness. With this in my mind and in my heart, how can I presume to sue for your daughter's hand, knowing that after the outbreak of the most likely of wars the stern hand of fate might destroy the happiness of your daughter in the most ruthless of ways should I have been so happy to have won her hand?"

Thereafter Hirose became distinctly a woman hater. He even insisted that promising young naval officers should not marry. His strongest claim to the common people's love and admiration lay in his ability as a wrestler.

CHURCH OF THE FUTURE.

Rev. Dr. Hillis' Vision Description of an Ideal Institution.

"The ideal church," says the Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis in Everybody's Magazine, "is one noble building, centrally situated, crowded from Sunday morning until the next Saturday night, a church that is the center of the social, the musical, the literary, the ethical life of the community, the home of light and joy, the pride of all the people. With numbers comes enthusiasm, economy, emulation, efficiency. When all the teaching forces—and the art of teaching is a great gift, and there are only a few teachers out of 2,000 that know how to impart wisdom—are united the Sunday school will again become popular. The great library of this church and its social rooms, equal to those of the best clubs in the great cities, will be the center of the artistic life of the town, where the new painting purchased by some merchant prince will be exhibited for all to see; where the club life for young men, the literary life for young women and the musical life for all classes will center.

"On the Sabbath there will be a great sermon in the morning that represents the thought and study and prayer of six days and nights of a man whom God ordained through his ancestry for moral illumination. There will be a great Bible school, toward which all the families will converge. There will be a great choral service in the afternoon that will be more attractive than all the things of the park or the ball field. There will be a practical address to young people at night that will lead men out of ignorance into wisdom, out of selfishness and sin into righteousness and the manhood of Jesus Christ."

STATE LINES.

There are 152 towns in Maine which are free from debt.

The state of Utah has ordered a general health day—namely, the first Monday in October. On this day all theaters, churches, public halls, hotels, boarding houses, etc., must be thoroughly disinfected.

Many industrial and commercial enterprises are being undertaken in Mississippi, and companies are being incorporated for business purposes at a rate which would not be slow for a northern state of equal population and resources.

In 1903 Minnesota showed an increase in the total number of wages earners of 11.91 per cent over 1902; that of the male adults was 12.07 per cent, that of the female adults 9.36 per cent and of children a decrease from last year's number of 9.53 per cent.

Blue Roses a Millinery Fancie.

One of the astonishing millinery fancies of the year is the blue rose, says the New York Journal. Such a flower never sprouted on the earth's face, but, built in shaded velvet, crummy silk or even cleverly tinted muslin, it is bewitching on the summer hat of lace or madras. Another blue blossom which has made its appearance is the hyacinth, but it must be used with discretion. An imported hat is a peculiar shade bordering on navy blue. It is trimmed with these hyacinths and ribbon which matches the bloom. In certain light the entire confection turns to blue; turn it toward the sun and it shows a violet tint.

Fine Fox Trailing Dresses.

By a vote of 6 against 5 the magistrates of Prague, Germany, have ordered that all women who wear trailing dresses in the streets shall be fined.

Hair Falling? Don't tell your friends of it. They would think it so strange. You see, they know Ayer's Hair Vigor checks falling of the hair, restores color to gray hair, and makes the hair grow. 2 C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.